

# WHY I HAVE FAILED.

Men and women who have made failures in life here tell their stories and give reasons, as they see them, for having missed the goal of success. These letters, thousands of which have been received, were invited by The Evening World, which will give \$25 in prizes to the best of our communications on the subject.

First prize is \$10 in gold.  
Second prize is \$5 in gold.  
Third prize is \$5 in gold.  
Fourth prize is \$5 in gold.

Letters must not be over 300 words. They should tell actual individual experience, and the names and addresses of the writers—which will not be published—should accompany them.

Address letters to Failure Competition, Evening World, P.O. Box, 2,354, N.Y. City.

## Dressmaker's Mistakes.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I started in the dressmaking business—young, healthy, hopeful and ambitious—and succeeded up to the point where I was just commencing to make money. Being of a nervous and conscientious disposition, I broke down from overwork; the long hours I sat and worked, denying myself proper rest and sleep; worrying myself about relatives and trying to help them along when I was not busy at my own work. Instead of resting, keeping to myself and thinking too much of my work, and, worst of all, working for those dead beats of women who think it smart to defraud the working woman of her hard-earned pay.



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## No Gift of Gab.

I WAS brought up in a New England village (now a city) and left school with very little knowledge to work in a shoe shop at eleven years of age. I was always ready to give where it was needed, even to depriving myself. Being a very bashful or rather timid boy, grew more so as a man, consequently, when I would be spoken to by my employers I would become embarrassed. I would answer respectfully yet shyly, and at last I found that I had not what was necessary to push my way. The gift of the gab. I am very well thought of by all for whom I have ever worked; also by my fellow employees. I must go on with a ten and a half hour existence, whereas, if I were gifted with the power of putting into words the very little detail I know and understand about the business in which I am employed I know I would be better off.

## Was on Wrong Track.

MY failure in life has only one explanation. I went through life looking for all the pleasures instead of looking out for the future, until a year ago, when I was taken sick and had lots of time to look over the past and see where I made a failure of life. Since recovering a few months ago, I started on the path toward success. I am twenty-seven years old and working for \$12 per week, but am trying to make much. I may succeed, if not my failure will not worry me.

## Heeded Not His Wife.

HAVE failed because I always used my own judgment. When I was young and worked hard, I got good pay and saved money. Friends of mine would always be in need, and they knew if they would appeal to me it wouldn't be in vain.



By believing all they said, I was relieved of all I had. I worked myself up again, and my second failure came through not consulting my wife. If I had done as she said, "Don't go there," "Don't do that," I would have a wealthy man, but fate has it different, and instead of being wealthy, I have to toil for my daily bread.

## A Victim of Others.

ON Easter Monday, 1871, I began as an office boy for a builder for \$1 a week when I was fifteen years old. Two years later I averaged \$15 per week, working in the office during day-time and holding another position during the night. I worked for my employer for eight years until he died, and at that time I was getting \$40 per week as book-keeper and had an interest in his business. He left \$20,000 in cash, real estate, etc., to his wife, and the foreman and I ran the business as usual. I was her confidential friend, and she suggested that she and I get married. She was a great deal older than I and I declined the offer, as my heart was not in it. A week when I was fifteen years old, working in the office during day-time and holding another position during the night. I worked for my employer for eight years until he died, and at that time I was getting \$40 per week as book-keeper and had an interest in his business. He left \$20,000 in cash, real estate, etc., to his wife, and the foreman and I ran the business as usual. I was her confidential friend, and she suggested that she and I get married. She was a great deal older than I and I declined the offer, as my heart was not in it.



## Married Too Soon.

I AM now working for a small salary. After fifteen years of married life and being a sober, steady and reliable man, I ought to have succeeded, and would have done so but for the fact that I married while working for a salary. When, in fact, I should have waited until I was fairly started in business with a few thousand dollars behind me. But not being guided by my better judgment, I married when I was twenty-three years of age, and the burdens of life have been continually growing heavier and heavier until now, when I am nearly forty years of age with a large family to support. I see no prospect before me but a continual struggle for the bare necessities of life.

## Bad Companions.

FIFTEEN years I led Sunday-school, and thinking I knew it all was working in a store. I got acquainted, saved money, was happy. I learned bad habits, was persuaded that the best maxim was, "Do others and see that they do not get the best of you." I gave up my position and started out to see the world. I spent money to satisfy my passion, lived from hand to mouth, left some and family life and met with many failures.

## Too Much Napoleon.

THE attending physician at my birth, a man of infinite tact and corresponding fees, whispered anxiously to my mother, "He is the most wonderful child I ever saw; he has a head like Napoleon." The nurse rushed wildly to my expectant father in the hallway. "It's a boy, sir," she cried, "and he has a head like Napoleon." My father, a self-made and unlettered man, at once swore he would kill Napoleon, but once fully subdued when he learned that Napoleon was not a near neighbor. All the family relatives and friends who gathered within the next month asserted, "A perfect little angel, and he has a head like Napoleon." When I was six months old a blind beggar stopped my mother on the street and sighed, "Ah, lady, that child will grow up to be an ornament to society; he has a head like Napoleon." He got a dollar. At the age

## Misapplied Ability.

A boy my ambition, my inclination was to be a doctor. With a mother's willingness I was entered at the Schola Mercatorum, England, one of over 300 students, with this object in view. Before I had finished my studies there a severe blow came in the loss of nearly all our family property and poverty stared us in the face. College was now impossible and I entered into commercial life as clerk and clerk became the natural means of bread-earning. Utterly dissatisfied, ever chafing against the tyranny of fate, still the end justified the means. After serving thirteen years with one firm they failed for want of sufficient capital and a new start had to be made. Then I determined to make an entirely new break from the old monotony, and leaving all the old scenes of misfortune and adversity, came over to the United States of America, there to find an ever ceaseless rushing of humanity toward fame or the accumulation of the almighty dollar. I entered the arena and, with the old ambition still veridical, have commenced the upward climb, though now past the middle of the allotted span, and to-day am walking the hospitals.

## A Minister's Failure.

CAUSES of my failure—First, unfortunate pre-natal condition; second, a too literal construction of old-time spelling-book honesty; third, I was too easily led by the nose. The years which should have been the best of my life were filled to overflowing with physical suffering. By the old-fashioned spelling book honesty I was moved to reject opportunities by which my finances would have been improved. Because of being too easily led by the nose, I abandoned a life purpose dear to my heart and in the following which I had already promise of success. An old minister persuaded me to direct my thoughts to the pulpit. I followed his lead and became an average preacher. But my heart was not in that work. I mourned continually over the loss of my first love. Study of evolution and the modern criticism of the Bible did for me as it has done for others. I became an agnostic and an unfringed priest. Since then I have been smitten by misfortune after misfortune: sickness, loss of family, money, friends. For the last five years I have been struggling to keep off the wolf. I have snatched a few hours at a time to devote to literature, have had to pay in all that time for only two articles. Friends who have seen some of my work advise me to persevere. I am a slow writer, cannot use a type machine and am too poor to pay for having manuscript typewritten, so I suppose I must go on record as a child failure.

## For Sake of Son.

WHEN a young girl, the environment of my life granted me a very meagre education, and I was left an orphan at an early age. I became the wife of a wealthy, cultured gentleman. But Wall Street swallowed up all his fortune. When he suddenly died, penniless, homeless, and with a baby boy, I was left a poor widow. I was a clerk in a large office, and with poor compensation, which would give me employment in our country, I gave and afford precious opportunity to

## Most Miserable Women in the World.

Weak, nervous women whose strength is exhausted and nerves wrecked with work, worry, and female weakness deserve more sympathy than they get. It is medical treatment they need at once, and treatment of the right sort. Dr. Greene, the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervura, will put all such women on the road to health and happiness. He has discovered many other wonderful remedies for different diseases, and his experience is wider than any other physician's, and he can be consulted confidentially, absolutely without charge, either by personal call or by letter, at his office, 35 West 14th St., New York City. Thousands of women have told or written the story of their troubles to Dr. Greene and he has always helped them. He knows just what to advise, and his advice is free. Investigate this promise for your own sake and your family's, and regain health.

# WHY I CHAMPION THE BOERS' CAUSE.

BY MAUD GONNE.  
Dictated Exclusively to The Evening World.



## Personal I look upon the Boer question from an Irish point of view.

We do not care whether the Boers are right or wrong; they are enemies to our enemy. That is enough. But, fortunately, they are right. Their cause is just. It is the cause of liberty and the cause of humanity and civilization.

## FALSE PRETENSIONS.

England's false pretension about going to war to help the Uitlanders is well understood in Ireland. I have known a very large number of Irishmen who have been out working the mines and making money, and they all tell me that they never enjoyed such prosperity or such liberty as that which they enjoyed in the Transvaal. These Irishmen tell me they had every thing done for their comfort. They have called within the Boer in their struggle for liberty against English greed of empire because their cause is just from every point of view.

## MAKING THEIR STAND.

The Boers went out into what is now the Orange Free State and crossed the Vaal River to the Transvaal. Here they have made their stand. They say that never again shall they be driven out by the English, and they are keeping their word.

We in Ireland can so well appreciate the Boers' struggle for liberty and against England because we know what English rule means. We have for centuries been struggling

## END OF REVERE HOUSE.

It is Part of the Estate, in One House of Which President Monroe Died. The old Revere House, at the southeast corner of Broadway and South

street, and the Charles H. Condit estate on Broadway, will be among the properties put up for sale at auction to-day at the Real Estate Salesrooms.

President Monroe died at 62 Prince street, one of the Condit estate houses, and 62 Prince street, also belonging to this estate, was the home of Archbishop Hughes and other Catholic dignitaries before the Cathedral was moved up town.

## EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS.

## WEDNESDAY--BARGAIN DAY.

## GREATEST HOUSE FURNISHING SALE

On Earth. First Week Was Good! Third Week! Second Week Better!! THIRD WEEK WILL BE BEST!!!

Because in addition to all bargains advertised before we quote the greatest values in new House and Kitchen Furnishings received since beginning of the sales. We do not ask you to take into consideration the advance of cost in raw materials and labor; simply look at the goods and note the small prices. How can we do it does not interest you as much as the cold fact that you can buy reasonable, useful, first-quality staple House Furnishings at a saving from 25 to 50 per cent.

## Gas Radiators.

500 Four pipe Bronze top heavy castings. Economical Burner... 1.49

## Six Pipes.

Galvanized Hot Water Tubes... 39c

## Curtain Stretcher.

Iron Mail Box, with slide... 35c

## First quality Table Oil Cloth.

1 1/2 yard wide, yard... 12c

## Wood Fibre Pails.

Over Twenty Thousand Pieces Gray Enamelled Kitchen Utensils and Agate Ware (Seconds)... 19c

## Dippers, Ladles, Funnels, Pie Plates, Cups, Shimmers, each.

Coffee Flasks, Milk Pans, Wash Basins, each... 10c

## Borax, per pound.

Household Candles, 6 for... 10c

## Nickel Plated on Copper Tea and Coffee Pots.

each... 25c

## FAMILY SCALES.

Accurate weight, with tin scoop or porcelain top... 98c

## NONE OF THESE GOODS SENT C. O. D.

ONLY PAID MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

## 309, 311, 313 TO 321 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

# THE BRIDE DID NOT PROMISE TO OBEY.

Rev. A. H. Grant, of Montclair, N. J., Omits the Offerive Word from His Ritual and Makes Other Innovations.

## 20TH CENTURY MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Do you, Writer, declare before these assembled witnesses that you have chosen this woman from all others to be your wife, and do you promise to be to her a kind, faithful and considerate husband, to comfort, honor and support her in sickness and in health, in adversity as well as in prosperity, so long as you both shall live?

And you, Ludwig, likewise declare that you take this man to be your husband, and promise to do and be to him all that he has promised to do and be to you—so long as you both shall live?

May this ring, the symbol of your union, serve to remind you of the vows you have here pledged; and may those qualities of unity and eternity, of which the circle is symbolic, be exemplified in the perfect union that shall exist between you.

(Join hands.) And now by your own free act and deed, as here publicly announced in compliance with the requirements of civil law—you are and will hereafter be regarded as husband and wife. And whom love hath joined together let no discord put asunder.

Rev. A. H. GRANT'S revised version of the marriage ceremony.

The Rev. A. H. Grant, of the Unity Church, Montclair, N. J., recognizing that the old-fashioned marriage service was making a perjurer out of every bride, has amended the ritual so as to relieve the timid little thing from vowing things she knows she'll never do.

The old-fashioned ceremony calls upon the blushing bride to vow she will "love, honor and obey" the man who pays the parson. Since Adam and Eve every wife has considered the last vow more hon-

ored in the breach than the observance, and she has "obeyed" her liege lord—may say!

Now Parson Grant's conscientious idea of the fitness of things rebelled against this state of things, and so when he united Walter Elliott Langan, of Gloucester, to Miss Ludwig McIlvain, of 308 Orange road, Montclair, Sunday, before the whole congregation, he didn't pledge the fair Ludwig to "love, honor and obey" Walter, but asked her if she would "comfort, honor and support" him.

She promised, like a little man. But the parson was not done with innovations. He gave the twentieth century another grip by the forelock, and instead of marrying them until "death do us part" and declaring to all the world "whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," he concluded with "Whom love hath joined together let no discord put asunder."

The parson didn't say that he had in mind the line, "Discord, thy name is woman," but it is evident that he has got the impression that there is most always "discord" in the case, and that the old line forbidding "man" to put asunder left a monstrous loop hole.

Basar Fitting Pattern Ladies' Fancy Waist. No. 1001. 25 to 35-inch bust. Mailed to your address for only 10 CENTS. Address Dept. 11, MODES FASHION & PATTERN CO., 27 E. 12th St., New York.

## H. C. KOCH & CO.

Continuation of ANNUAL SALE OF Cut Glass, China, Housefurnishings.

The Event of Greater New York.

Housekeepers cannot afford to miss this opportunity to choose from mammoth assortments in absolutely reliable qualities at an average saving of

50% Below Prevailing Prices.

125th Street West, between Lenox and Seventh Avenues.

# B. Altman & Co.

NEW DESIGNS FOR SPRING IN LADIES' WAISTS

OF LIBERTY SATIN, PANNEVELVET, EMBROIDERED, MOUSSELINE, GRANITE CREPE AND LUCERNE.

—Also—

SILK AND LACE HAND MADE WAISTS.

For Wednesday, February 7th.

Taffeta Silk Waists in various colors, \$4.90

Taffeta Silk Waists, Hemstitched and Tucked in Black or colors, \$7.25

Fancy Colored Waists of Taffeta Silk, Hemstitched and Lace trimmed, 9.50

## PARASOLS.

Artistic and Exclusive Designs in CARRIAGE PARASOLS.

Including stylish effects in LACE, NET, EMBROIDERY, FRINGE, ETC.

Also a large selection of PLAIN AND FANCY COACHINGS, MOURNING PARASOLS, PARASOLETTES AND SUN UMBRELLAS.

LACE COVERS FOR INFANTS CARRIAGE PARASOLS.

Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue.

The Greatest Book of the Greatest Year in History.

The 1900 World Almanac.

BY MAIL 25c. OR ALL NEWSDEALERS.

Another Big Men's Winter Suits and Overcoats.

Men's All-Wool Black Twilled Unfinished Worsted Suits, coats or which are lined with fine grade of Italian cloth and were made for a Real Tailor House to sell at \$10.00. There are a few colored suits mixed in with them; all will go at...

Men's All-Wool Kersey, in Black and Blue, Ray, Italian lined, stown with black satin and silk velvet collar, suitable for any 5.95 gentlemen to wear.

Men's Fine Percale Shirts, (unsized), turn-over collars and cuffs, pretty selection of stripes and figures, Wednesday 38c

Men's Patent Leather Cloth-Top Button Boots, spring heels; our \$1.25 shoes on bargain day, pair... 1.00

Men's Patent Leather Spring Heel Lace Shoes, tan 8 1/2, 1 3/4; our regular \$3 grade, pair...

Children's Outing Flannel Dresses, ages 4 to 16 yrs., prettily trimmed with braid, Wednesday, each... 35c

Ladies' A chance in Ladies' Fine New-Style Jackets, retailing at \$7.50, \$9.50 and \$10.75, Wednesday, each, 5.00

Untrimmed Hats. 40 Ass. Ladies' Fine Hats; on Wednesday, to clear out, each, 10c

Children's Fine Caps. One lot; some as high as \$1.50 each; all in for Wednesday, 59c each

Ladies' CANTON FLANNEL DRESS. Underwear. Silk, cambric, robe or bottom, good quality, Wednesday, pair... 25c

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